

You Want "The Light That Failed" That Goes With To-Morrow's World.

TO-MORROW, Sunday, August 28.

At this time one million men at least are talking about a certain well-known citizen of this Republic and discussing his chances of success in a coming contest. Grover Cleveland is not the man's name, nor is his name Benjamin Harrison. The man who occupies hundreds of thousands of adult minds and spins all kinds of boys to noble endeavor is Mr. John L. Sullivan. It is not any desire to add to man's fondness for fighting that has induced THE SUNDAY WORLD to prepare for to-morrow such an account of Mr. Sullivan as shall make every man who studies it feel that he has seen the fighter under a microscope. Far from that.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

Mr. Remington is an artist whose work everyone knows. He is the only man perhaps who makes every creature that he draws look as though he were alive and doing his best. His paintings of things—big and small, of men and of animals, of houses and of bad, tall cowboys—are so true that they make the impending appearance of those specimens from the earth's surface a matter of slight importance. Mr. Remington is fond of the animal and man. With Arthur Brisbane he spent two days studying the physical make-up of Mr. Sullivan, the one man who could knock down a cowboy and his pony, throw an Indian about as far as the Indian could throw a tomahawk, or give a lion a severe headache with one little punch. Mr. Remington has sketched what he saw, and the pictures, a fine lot of them, will be published in THE SUNDAY WORLD to-morrow. They give a far better idea of the wonderful fighter than anything that has ever been said or written about him, and every man with active blood will delight in studying these graphic impressions of the man whose greatest rests on this solid rock: "I can lick any man on earth."

ARTHUR BRISBANE.

When, in the morning, the race to which Sullivan belongs was demonstrating to the rest of mankind that it was meant to rule this planet, what was it that counted in the struggle? It was not the line poetry in the Anglo-Saxon, nor any nonsense of that kind. It was the sort of man that at this moment is tucked away in great bunches in the neighborhood of John L. Sullivan's shoulder-blades. If Mr. Richard Watson Gilder is writing poetry to-day, happy in the consciousness that he belongs to the conquering race, it is because in the beginning that race consisted largely of Sullivan. There were every man, from a poet down to a baker, may and should feel interest and take pride in John L. Sullivan. These things are explained fully by Arthur Brisbane in the article which he has prepared with Mr. Remington. Mr. Brisbane is peculiarly fitted to explain to mankind what a great man John L. Sullivan is. It was his proud privilege to behold Mr. Sullivan as he emerged in friendly tones with the prince of Wales; to study his proud bearing as he came in sight of the shores of Ireland; to sympathize with his struggles with the French language while talking in French to witnesses of the operation which Mr. Sullivan good-naturedly describes as "knocking a man's teeth." Mr. Brisbane, with a delicacy that most unquestionably troubles himself in his grave, lays bare to the public the soul, the mind and especially the muscles of Mr. Sullivan. This story by Remington and Brisbane will probably satisfy the most exact seeker for knowledge about the hardest hitter on earth.

WARD McALLISTER.

The distinguished man who writes for the SUNDAY WORLD only, and who never fails to instruct and entertain at the same time, writes this week on the subject of clubs. Clubs came to us from England, and Mr. McAllister explains how important they are to the life here below and what they should be. Old members of the Union Club will delight in Mr. McAllister's reminiscences, and young men who go to the club will find that they get rich with it. But that the object which they have in mind is indeed worth while.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE SUNDAY WORLD, for the amusement of its readers, will publish complete in "The Light That Failed," the story which has not for its motive force of this great country, and Mr. Kipling is writing it was apparently not suffering from indigestion as he usually is. It is a good story to read and cast aside. It will interest without worrying the reader.

HELEN WATTESSON.

Every man, after reading the article which Helen Watteesson has written for this number of THE SUNDAY WORLD, will probably take better care of himself than he has done hitherto in the way of eating and drinking. Helen Watteesson, who has lived almost all her life in a foreign land, has calculated that if two hundred thousand men would eat the advice given by Helen Watteesson that each would live two years longer on an average than would otherwise have been the case, and that many millions would be added to the wealth of the nation by these added years of effort on the part of highly intelligent men. The article tells of a man's life like an engine and his food like fuel. What science says about the fuel for the engine is attractively set forth. Most writers would do such a piece of work differently from Helen Watteesson. She makes every line of it interesting.

MRS. VAN RENSSLAER.

In THE SUNDAY WORLD to-morrow, Mrs. Van Rensselaer continues her description of the World's Fair wonders. It is a great

PICTURES ON THE RACES.

Rich Futurity Stakes the Feature at Sheephead To-Day.

Kingston, Dr. Hasbrouck and Other Good Ones to Meet.

The Coney Island Jockey Club throws open the gates at their beautiful course at Sheephead Bay this afternoon for the Fall meeting, and if the weather permits it is expected that fully twenty-five thousand people will be present. The track, however, will be in bad condition, as the recent rain cannot be dried out in time for the races. There are seven well-known events on the card, four of which are stakes, but the one which will draw the crowd is the Rich Futurity, for two-year-olds in this race season, youngsters are named to go to the post to do battle for this magnificent purse and the result will be fought inch for inch. The Average Stakes, at a mile and a half, has in it such good ones as Kingston, Neelon, Leona and Dr. Hasbrouck, and should result in a racing finish. The Dolphin stakes, for three-year-olds, at a mile and a half, and the Green Stakes, at a mile, both on the turf, should prove interesting. Taken in all the programme is worthy of the highest praise and will be well worth going miles to see. Entries and selections follow:

First Race—A sweepstakes for two-year-olds, open to all bred in New York, and to all imported from abroad, five and a half furlongs. Entries: Kingston, Dr. Hasbrouck, Neelon, Leona, and other good ones to meet.

Second Race—A sweepstakes for two-year-olds, open to all bred in New York, and to all imported from abroad, five and a half furlongs. Entries: Kingston, Dr. Hasbrouck, Neelon, Leona, and other good ones to meet.

Third Race—A sweepstakes for two-year-olds, open to all bred in New York, and to all imported from abroad, five and a half furlongs. Entries: Kingston, Dr. Hasbrouck, Neelon, Leona, and other good ones to meet.

Fourth Race—A sweepstakes for two-year-olds, open to all bred in New York, and to all imported from abroad, five and a half furlongs. Entries: Kingston, Dr. Hasbrouck, Neelon, Leona, and other good ones to meet.

Fifth Race—A sweepstakes for two-year-olds, open to all bred in New York, and to all imported from abroad, five and a half furlongs. Entries: Kingston, Dr. Hasbrouck, Neelon, Leona, and other good ones to meet.

RETAIL COAL PRICES GO UP.

Dealers Will Demand 25 Cents More a Ton After Sept. 1.

Reading Combine's Intention to Defy the New Jersey Law.

Retail coal dealers in New York have taken prompt action upon the decision of the sales agents of the anthracite coal producing companies who voted Thursday to advance the price of coal. At a meeting of the Retail Coal Dealers' Exchange held last night at Fifth Avenue and Lexington Avenue, it was decided to add 25 cents to the retail price per ton of coal, the same to take effect next Thursday.

It was stated that since Jan. 1 last, the wholesale dealers had advanced the price of coal to \$1.50 per ton. The only corresponding action of the retail dealers up to the present time had been an increase in retail prices of 25 cents per ton, leaving the dealers \$1.05 to the ton.

It was announced after last night's meeting that, beginning next Thursday, the price of "red ash" coal, all sizes, will be 60-75 cents. A year ago it was 55-75. "White ash" coal, all sizes, will cost 75-75 per ton, instead of 55-75, a last year.

Another meeting of the Retail Coal Dealers' Exchange will be held next Friday at which it is expected that 25 cents more will be required to be added to the price of coal. The dealers claim that even then they will be behind the wholesalers.

Dealers in coal profess to believe that the decision of the Reading combine, of New Jersey, declaring the Reading combine illegal, will have no effect upon coal prices. In fact, the President of the Reading system, Mr. McLeod, says the order of the court will have no effect upon the coal business, as it is a contract between the coal companies and the consumers.

The Reading combine, it is understood, will not be broken up. The coal companies will continue to operate as before, and the coal will continue to be sold at the same price as before.

NEARLY FIT FOR THE FRAY.

Sullivan and Corbett to Start Soon for New Orleans.

The "Big One" Will Go Next Thursday, Corbett Some Days Later.

These two gladiators of the roped arena, John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett, for one of whom the night of Sept. 7 will be made or broken, are both well along through the arduous part of their training.

Preparations are being made at both Camp Place Inn and Lockport to break up camp. In a few days both of these scenes of great interest the past few weeks will be deserted. Unless the coming contest ends in a draw where the champion of the world did his training.

Sullivan will shake the dust of good ground from his feet next Monday morning—at least that is the time set by his backer, Charles Johnston, for his departure. Johnston will not tell the exact time that Sullivan leaves, as he wishes to avoid any crowds that may be on hand to get a glimpse at the champion when he arrives at Brooklyn.

Johnston will go down to the quiet Long Island village Saturday night and accompany the party, which will consist of Sullivan, Jack Ashton, Casey, Billy Morgan and the Japs, Sullivan's valet, to Brooklyn.

On the arrival of the party, Sullivan will be met by a number of Long Island people, near the village and Court street, Brooklyn. This will be the big fellow's headquarters until he leaves for New Orleans.

He will remain pretty quiet at Casey's on Monday until after supper and will adjourn to Clermont Avenue Hotel about 8 o'clock to his rooming place. After the show John L. will file back to Casey's.

EXTRA.

ALL ABLAZE.

The Metropolitan Opera House Gutted by Flames.

Entire Contents of the Structure Said to Have Been Destroyed.

Engines Summoned to the Scene by Five Alarms from All Parts of the City.

New York's Most Beautiful Playhouse a Mass of Smoking Ruins.

The Loss Is Estimated to Be Not Less Than Half a Million Dollars.

Fire broke out in the Metropolitan Opera House, Thirty-ninth street and Seventh avenue, a few minutes after 9 o'clock this morning.

The blaze started on the seventh avenue side of the building, in the quarter where the large quantities of costly scenery and stage properties were stored.

EXTRA.

BLAZE NO. 2.

Terrific Fire in a Paper-Box Building on Wooster Street.

One Hundred Girls Caught Behind a Blazing Stairway.

Flames Spread to the Prince Street Police Station and a Tenement House.

Four Alarms Sounded, While Engines Were Hard to Obtain.

Fears That Several of the Employees Were Burned to Death in the Building.

A fierce fire broke out about 9 o'clock in the five-story brick building, 128-124 Wooster street, occupied as a box factory by Richard A. Wagner. One hundred and twenty girls were at work on the upper floors.

It is feared some of them lost their lives. The stairway was a mass of flames a few minutes after the fire broke out. On the first floor was the establishment of the United States Frame and Picture Company. The two upper floors were occupied by Wagner.

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